WILL BE OPENED THE EXHIBITION OF M. DE MUNKACSY'S

CHARLES SEDELMEYER, Propriet

*Calvary" is a worthy companion to his Ihrist before Pilate." It has the same surb dramatic force, the same intense realess, the same wonderful power of making e divine element apparent without the ightest departure from the bare historical cts.—Christian World, March 5, 1885.

MERRIMAC

MONITOR MAVAL BATTLE.

This panorama, after an unprec MADISON AVE. AND 59TH ST. OPEN DAY AND EVENING,



The great paint is a won view at 139 5th ave., hear 27th st., daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission, 25c. 14 TO-NIGHT (MONDAY) OCT. 13.

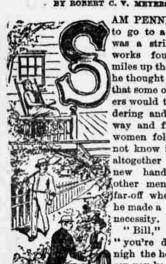
MINNIE PALMER THE RING AND THE KEEPER

MY SWEETHEART.

CRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Reserved seats, grehestrs circle and balcony, 50c,
Wed.
MR. AND MRS. MCKER RANKIN
Sat.
Not week-CLARA MORRIS.

MARPLE'S JUSTIFICATION.



"Bill," said he, "you're doin' chores nigh the house. S'posen you keep your eyes open an' drive off tramps. Mis' Marple's hoss - proud, an' I'm bound for a vandue

where a blue grass colt's to be sold; Be back safternoon.' So Martha sewing on the porch saw the

"Who's that?" she asked Rosy. "'Pears like he's not familiar to me-him down there by the branch ?"

Rosy's pretty face had grown Lancastrian out of its usual Yorkishness, and she picked at the letter lying in her lap.

' You hear me?" her mother said. Rosy looked up.

"It's the new farm hand, mother."

"New farm-hand," repeated Martha, irritably dragging her work up over her knee; " 'pears to me it's always the new farm-hand nowadays. Sam's not doin' his duty by me, takin' on new hands all the time. Last one drunk up everythin', your cologne-water an' the sperits on the toad with seven toes. I'm not clearly got over billin' the bridges 'bout him an' my watch he walked off with. but a new one's took on. Sam's not doin' his duty by me no how. How long's this one

I should say over a month, mother." "Should you? Queer I have never saw him before." You've seen very little for a month."

Rosy retorted. Rosy retorted.

"Only your impudence," her mother cried,
"an' I don't want to see much more of that,
I tell you. Seen! I seen your undaughterliness, an' the i'ons entered my soul like it
entered Joseph's when his brethren sold him into slavery. A mother's done sold by her children over an' over; pore white or rich white, low down or high up, it's all a'one."

But, mother-

"But, mother—"
"Now, Rosy, stop right there. I tell you now, as I told you a hundred times, nothin' can come of it."

"He's sick," and Rosy began to cry.
"Sick!" echoed her mother, ironically.
"An' what am I? I tell you John Croil shall never enter this family. I hate him—I hate the whole tribe of 'em. Sick! What I been for years an' years, an' all through them—what I been but a sour, ign'ant woman, with no ambition to be more? An' yet my daughter, my onliest daughter, can come to me an' say she cares for the man—act'ally cares for she cares for the man—act'ally cares for an' would leave me any minute to go to

"Didn't you leave your mother when you married father? and I don't understand your attitude toward John—"
"When I married your father I done the

WE DO NOT KNOW WHEN WE HAVE REEN SO MANY BRIGHT EYES AND SUNNY FACES—IN FACT, SUCH A THRONG OF DELIGHTED LITTLE ONES AS GENETED OUR GREAT HALF-PRICE SALE OF CHILDREN'S CLOWNING LAST WHEK. IT WAS SUCH A CARD TO ATTRAOT ATTENTION TO OUR IMMENSE GENERAL STOCK THAT WE PROPOSE TO DUPLICATE THE INDUCEMENTS, AS FOLLOWS: HERE ARE 2,000 KNEE PANTS FOR BOYN-PERFECT GENIS IN THEIR WAY—AT 39 CENTS, CHILDREN'S MNEE PANTS FOR BOYN-PERFECT GEMS
IN THEIR WAY-AT 39 CENTS. CHILDREN'S
OVERCOATS AT \$3; NOTHING BETTER IN
THE CITY AT \$6. BOYS' SUITS, LONG
PANTS, AT \$5 AND \$6; FORMERLY \$10 AND
\$12. CHILDREN'S CASSIMERES, CORDUROYS AND PLAITED SUITS AT \$3; REDUCED FROM \$6. LAWN TENNIS FLANNEL SHIRT WAINTS, ALWAYS SOLD AT \$1, NOW TE CENTS, AND, TO ADD TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE BOYS, THEY CAN HELP THEMSELVES TO OUR 20-CENT POLO CAPS AT 8 CENTS

Broadway, Cor. Grand St., 8th Ave., Cor. 49th St.

AMUSEMENTS.

DOOLE'S THEATER,
TO MISS of the botteres 4th are, and Broadway.
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4 MATINERS—Mon., week, Thurs., Sat.

Work of Oct. 1t, by arrangement with A.

PALMER, the Madison Square HAZEL KIRKE.

H.R.JACOBS'S SD AVE. THEATRE. Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 30c.

House packed. Not even standing room, Matiness Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Box office always open. Beware of speculators. Oct. 17—THE WILBUR OPERA CO. A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st, and Irving Place 4TH WERK, Evenings at 8, Mat. Sat. at 2.

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ling the MARVELLOUS AQUATIO SURNE,
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ved easts. 50c., 15c., 51. Family circle, 25c.,
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Evenings, 8.30. THREE NEW BONGS.

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SALISBURY TROUBADOURS. THE HUMMING BIRD.

LYCEUM THEATHE 4th ave, and 23d. st.
Begins 8.10 with EDITHA'S BURGLAR, At 8.45
THE GHEAT PINE PEARL.
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ACCOMPANIED BARRYMORE and her
own company in her successful production

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Under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBRY
TUESDAY OCT.

Commencement of the REGULAR SEASON with the
production of SYDNEY GRUNDY'S comedy drama,
THE MOUSE TRAP.

Beats now on sale.

THALLA—Every evencing, comedy success, DROP OF TORSON.

Baturday, Junkermann Inspector Brassig.

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LIFE INSURANCE

ONE-HALF THE USUAL COST. IT HAS 81.250.000.00 Cash Surplus.

> \$2,000,000.00 Assets. It is paying in cash more than \$4,000.00 Per Day

to the Widows and Orphans, one death claim being pai on an average of every day in the year. Its Cash Surplus is increasing at the rate of more than

\$1,000.00 Per Day. This Association has already saved to its members by reduction of premiums, as compared with the rate-charged by the monopoly life insurance companies, more than

\$14,000,000.00 SAVED. Further particulars furnished as Home Office, 38 Park Row, New York.

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TO WOMAN CAN AFFORD to refuse a fair trial to an article which saves one-half the time and labor of washing and house-cleaning, and produces better results than any soap known. Such an article is JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. The many millions of packages of Pearline consumed annually, testify to its merits, likewise the many (

Hurd, Waite & Co., PINE BALSAM

imitations; beware of these, they anni-

hilate the dirt and the clothing with it.

Fulton St., opposite Pierrepont,

BROOKLYN.

Canton Silks---Lowest Yet!

24-INCH CANTON SILKS, some 75 pieces (specially designed for evening dresses, tea dresses and embroidery purposes), will be offered by us to-morrow at 71 CENTS per yard, in full line of evening shades.

These goods are selling to-day as a great bargain by leading houses at 75c., and are richly worth \$1.

DEMORALIZING CUT IN FINE DRESS GOODS. \$1.25

PARISIAN WIDE WALE SUITING

1 1-2 Yards Wide,

(Every thread pure wool), to be sacrificed for 59c, per yard. 100 PIECES OF THESE GOODS will be offered our patrons on Tuesday, shown in such popular shades as browns, blues, greens,

olives and cardinals. NOTE.—That some conception of the IM. PORTANCE of this bargain may be formed beforehand, we state that this is the SAME IDENTICAL FABRIC that competing houses in New York are RETAILING NOW AT \$1.25, as incomprehensible as it may

HURD, WAITE & CO., BROOKLYN.

loved her as she had never doubted that he loved her, and he begged her to come to him. No mention of her mother, merely pleading that she would assert her rights of womanhood and love. This letter in her hand, she sought her mother. The result is known.

Now she knew what her mother had said to John that day in the parlor and that had sealed his lips and caused him to try to give her up. The effect of the trial had been his serious illness.

So she loved him as she had never loved him before. And yet she dared not accede to his prayer. Her father had wronged her mother, and on John's mother's account! Women regard the wrongs to the affections with other eyes than men. John could gloriously, selfishly see in her father's feeling for his mother but the strongest reason that Rosy should marry the son of the loved woman—it had been transmitted feeling that had attracted John to Rosy and Rosy to John, for it must be that John's mother had cared for Rosy's father, and there had come a lover's quarrel and two marriages in pique,

had attracted John to Rosy and Rosy to John, for it must be that John's mother had cared for Rosy's father, and there had come a lover's quarrel and two marriages in pique, which fact Rosy's mother had almost substantiated. Yes, John, after going through a spell of sickness, could all at once reason that Rosy was held to him by double ties.

But Rosy must respect her mother's wrong, must pity her dead father—John's mother had been the cause of Rosy's father's death only a little less directly than his wife had been. And now Rosy must give John up? She was in the elm inclosure; she flung herself to the earth, not strengthened by the contact as he of old had been; she buried her face in her hands and thought and thought. Must her life be like her mother's, hard and bitter, because of withheld happiness?

Not like her mother's, for John loved her! Still men were but men—had not his mother's refusal to marry the man she loved caused that man to marry another woman? John would marry again, and there would be another woman like her mother-would it be John's wife, or the woman he loved? Yet dared she against her mother's wishes? Not her mother's, irritability such as hers, meant a small holding to divine promises and a belief in the final readjustment of earthly difficulties; to go against her mother now meant a destruction of the little faith left by the

She pitied her mother for the first time, felt drawn towards her, saw in her John's wife of twenty years hence. And then she took John's letter from her pocket, tore up a bit of sward and laying it there covered the mould over it. She buried her hope of hap-piness with that letter; she would take the responsibility similar to that of John's mother for sake of her own ill-used, suffer-ing mother.

ing mother.

It was very quiet under the elms, but a little bird on one of the trees suddenly began to sing. That song was more than she could bear; she wreathed her arms around her head and rocked herself to and fro the very ecstasy of grief. She knew that the bird stopped singing, as

Nature's Remedy.

primes to the most delicate constitution. We do not claim the Balsam will cure every disease, but we do claim the master of the every disease, but we do claim the time of the constitution of the limited of the constitution of the limited of l

found below:

J. BURRILL-Deep Str. I cannot recommand your Pine Balsan too highly. In a cannot recommand your cight years, and had a number of dectors. I the last cight years, and had a number of dectors. I the last cight years, and had a number of dectors of the last cight years, because it is not present the Balsan, it can honesty say, benefitted me more than all of them. I cannot praise the Balsan too highly.

MRS. WM. DICK, No. 170 28th st.

J. BURRILL Dear Sir. I consider your Pine Balsam invaluable. During the past variable winter my two little children, as well as myself, have been particularly subject to coughs and colds, and in every case they have been entirely broken up by a few doses of the Pine Balsam. Yours truly.

BRS. D. B. THOMPSON, 301 8th et.

JAMAICA, L. I., April, 1887.

Ms. EURRILL Deer Gir had a bad cough and raised a great deal, especially nights. On the steep. Cod Liver Oil did not relieve me. A friend bottle of your Pine Balsam. Was not going to take it, but was advised to try it. Happy was I that I did. My dough left me in a faw days. Never had anything help me so soon. Shall always keep a bottle of it in the house, as I do not want to be without it, and advise my many friends to do the same. I will wenture to say that you will sell all you can make, and as fast as it is made. Yours respectfully,

BROOKLYS, June 18, 1887.

Mn. J., BURRILL—Dear Sir: Your Pine Baisson proves to be the very best cough cure I have ever most with. Have tried numbers of cough medicines, but your Pine Baissam gave me the speedlest relief of them all. It goes right to the speedlest relief of them all. It goes right to the speedlest relief of them all. B. A. BENDALL, 378 8th st.

BROOKLYN, June 23, 1897.

J. BURRILL, 455 Fifth Avenue—Having been troubled with a severe cough, and after using medicine for come weeks, and receiving as relief, I was recommended to ky the Pine Balsam, and I procured a bottle, and in a very short time was cured. I found great relief after using the Balsam for one day. I can highly recommend it to all suffering from colds and coughs.

P. J. FLYNN, 167 Huntington st., Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, June 20, 1887.

J. BURNELL—Used your Pine Halsam, and my experience with it encourages the belief that it will do all you claim for it. Am recommending it to my friends as an efficient and speedy remedy for the cure of coughs and coids. Very respectfully,

W. E. HENDRICKSON, 388 Third st. Wholesale Agento: David M, Stiger & Co., 58 Barelay street, New York; and Towns & Eder, 52 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and for sale by druggists generally.

Watts St., 17, 19, 21, near Varick st.—New apart-ments of three rooms; all improvements and mirror mantels; for small families; rents, \$12, \$17.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.] "Beer wagon drivers eat less and drink more than any class of people living." The speaker was "Yes," he continued, "the wagon drivers drink beer so frequently and so continuously that they are almost constantly in a drowsy condition. They drink mechanically whether they want it or not, and I never knew one to refuse an invitation to have more. They seem to think it is their duty to swill all the beer they can put down. They get into the habit at the brewery. Every brewery has what is called a tap-room, which is nothing more nor less than a free bar. Beer is always on tap there and the employees have free access to it, with the privilege of helping themselves whenever they please. Whenever a breweryman goes to the tap-room for beer he never drinks fewer than two glasses. These are turned off in the twinkling of an eye. The men drink so much that they lose their natural inclination to eat like other people. They seldom eat a hearty meal, a bite now and again between drinks being sufficient to appease the appetite. There are few brewery men who drink less than a hundred glasses of beer a day, and I know of some who never go to bed without taking in that number and twenty-five more." "Yes," he continued, "the wagon drivers drink

civil servant lost his travelling-bag. It was found by a constable and opened at the police station, and the contents were two pairs of gloves a toothpick, a bottle of mustache-dye, five packets of cigarettes, a pot of rouge, a shoe-horn, a box of cachous, a set of false teeth set in gold and a dozen of corn-plasters. This catalogue was duly published in the local press so that the man who lost the bag might knew the things were all there; but somehow he seems to have become discour-aged, for he never called.

Cured Him Somewhat. [From Paris Exchange.]

I was in bad health, so I spent a couple o nouths travelling in Spain. " Has it cared you ?"

Diner at French Table d'Hôte-Heavens ! waiter You have ruined my trousers with that soup. Wa'ter—Have no alarm, monsieur. It will no

STACE STARS AT HOME.

Langtry lives at the Albemarle. Lew Dockstader asks his friends to call or him at the Sturtevant.

Georgie Cayvan lives close to the roof of big flat and revels in floriculture. Mme. Cottrelly drives out every day from her house in West Fifty-seventh street. George Fawcett Rowe lives in a curiosity

shop near Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street.

James Lewis, his wife, and a handsome set-ter that is nearly petted to death occupy apartments in the "Jex."

their callers handsome embroidery West Twenty-fourth street.

Helen Bancroft boasts of the most com-fortable armchair in New York at her rooms in West Twenty-fifth street.

GREATEST OVERCOAT SALE At the Lowest Prices ON RECORD.



\$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00, we have placed on our counters

8,000 Fall and Winter Overcoats,

in Meltons, Cassimeres, Diagonals, Kerseys, Worsteds, Beavers. Elysians and Chinchillas. all sizes; can fit everybody.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

\$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00:

WORTH \$12.00, \$15.00, \$20.00 AND \$25.00. TAKE ADVANTAGE, CALL EARLY and secure the best Overcoat and Suit for the least money ever offered in any clothing house in the United States.

Immense stock of Boys' and Children's Clothing at proportionately low prices.

H. KING 627 AND 629 BROADWAY.

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THIS ELEGANT CLOCK WILL BE GIVEN EVERY PURCHASER OF \$14.00 WORTH OF CLOTHING OR OVER THIS CLOCK IS BROWDE AND SILVER WITH SWISS MOVEMENTS AND WILL EXER CORRECT TIME. THIS IS EXYOND DOUBT THE CONTLIEST SOUVENIR EVER GIVEN IN THIS CLOVE

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HOUSES, APARTMENTS & ROOMS. Apartments and Rooms To Let—Unjurnished West Side.

THESDAY. NOVEMBER 1.

These bunts are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to mill each and every bond is entitled to mill each and every bond in Property of the party of the following premium, as there are no BLANKS.

One Premium—Mark 255.000

One Premium—Mark 50.000

One Premium—Mark 60.000, dec.

Every bond secured from us with \$3 on or before the lat of November, until 6 P. M., is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon or that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$3 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balzace payable in monthly install and the sentence of the control of the sentence of the

EDW. SANDERS & CO., Bankers 213 Broadway, corner Fulton et., New Yo City. Established in 1873.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

SECURE ONE

DIVIDENDS FOR CLERKS.

Wall Street Brokers. It is only within a few years past that the

principal of co-operation has been carried into the stock brokerage business in Wall street. Even yet it has not been introduced very extensively, and there are only two or three firms which now go to the extent of giving all their employees a direct share in the profits of the business. One of the however, is one of the largest and most influential commission houses on the street. It was the house that took the initiative in this system, and it has proved so successful in its results that other firms have emboldened to follow in its footstens. first dividend was declared by the question about ten years ago, and so quietly and unobtrusively was the system man that very few outside of the office

its existence for many years.

Under this plan a certain fixed perce

of the profits of the firm are set apart at the end of every year to be paid out in dividends to the employees of the house. Not a single one is neglected, and every one, from the head bookkeeper down to the humblest office boy in the establishment, receives his proportionate share of the sum thus set spara. It is divided among the various clerks in proportion to the length of their service in the firm and to the amount of their salaries. Naturally each one's dividend goes on increasing each year, not by a very large amount, but proportionate to the increased term of services, unless it should happen that the firm's profits for that year were very much below the average, when there would probably be a slight reduction all around. In other words the idea of the dividend system is that each employee has a share in the business of the firm, or, as one of them expresses it: "We each feel as though we were infinitesimal junior partners in the concern and there is naturally a striving on the part of each one to contribute as much as he can personally to increasing the firm's business, for by so doing he is really correspondingly benefiting himself."

The experiment, although the system has been almost too long in operation to deserve that term has shown that learners and clerks to when is boy in the establishment, receives his pro-

The experiment, although the system as been almost too long in operation to deserve that term, has shown that clerks to whom is given an interest in the business in this manner are much more efficient than the average clerical force of a broker's office, and are more vigilant and watchful of the interests of their employers. their employers.

There are a number of offices down in the

street where they have a custom of giving some of their bookkeepers a bonus at the end of the year, but this is not a dividend, and does not imply that the recipient has any share in the employer's business. It is simply a bonus and is called such, consisting simply of a certain personance of mary. share in the employer's business. At it is apply a bonus and is called such, consisting simply of a certain percentage of salary.

After a clerk or bookkeeper has been in the office five or six years under the dividend system his share of the employees' profit grows to quite a substantial figure. For instance, it frequently happens in the office of which mention has already been made that where a clerk receives as his regular salary \$900 or \$1,000 a year he will receive a sum in addition at New Year's time, in the shape of dividends, which will swell the amount up to over \$2,000. The uncertainty as to how much the dividends will amount to always furnishes a considerable amount of excitement among the clerks and bookkeepers, and not infrequently a young man of extrevagant habits, who has been banking too heavily on his dividend, suffers a grievous disappointment when he opens his envelope and finds that for some reason or other the profits have failed to materialize.

Such la Greatness. Boston Girl-I see that you have taken Mike

Other Boston Giri.-Yea. You see, the Boston Cub is only fifth in the League race, and there a Jake Kilrain, who's going to whip Jem amble, He's got to have a place.

RPLE'S JUSTIFICATION.

BY BOBERT C. V. MEYERS.

AM PENNEL wanted to go to a sale; there was a strike at the works four or five miles up the road, and he thought it probable that some of the strikers would take to wandering and drift this way and frighten the women folks. He did not know if he could altogether trust the new hand, but the father had been more drawn to the beautiful Mrs. Croll, who even in her old age was pleasant to look upon, and who had kept up leasant to look upon, and who had kept up father had been more drawn to the beautiful Mrs. Croll, who even in her old age was pleasant to look upon, and who had kept up with the times marvellously. Martha grew restive under the scrutiny.

"Well?" she said at last.
"Well?" she said at last.

"You are a brave woman, mother," Rosy returned with a touch of sarcasm, as she folded the letter and put it in her pocket. "I give him up at last. But you should have told me in the beginning. There! do not say it was hard for you to tell me even now;

I know it was."

"I s'posed' you didn't care for him very strong."...her mother dryly remarked, puzzled over her easy victory.

"I care more for him in giving him up." Rosy hastened to say, and complicating the puzzle, "than I should did I go to him against your wishes. And poor father!"

"Pore who?" cried Martha, throwing her sewing away from her. "Pore who?"

Rosy was apalled at the storm she had raised.

"Hush!" she cried. "The man will

"What do I care who hears? What you mean by pore father? And me-go! leave me! go!" me! go!"

She switched her rocking chair around until her back was to her daughter; she was trembling in every limb, her nostrils dilated, a dull flush coming to her cheek. "Go!"

Rosy left the porch, left the garden, and sped away to a refuge she and John had made their own in the days of their first hap-winess.

piness.

This refuge was an enclosure formed by four clms of unknown age, and whose limbs swept the ground and encircled a space about wenty feet square.

Here John Croll and Rosy had plighted their

twenty feet square.

Here John Croll and Rosy had plighted their troth, and here Rosy had waited in vain for him when her mother had refused to sanction their union. Here she came after she had made her plea for the last time and gained thereby the saddest satisfaction—had heard the story of her father's defection, the cause of her mother's constant complaint and irritability. She knew now that patriotism had not taken her father to war; she could realize her mother's accusations and jealousy. John had told her that his mother had said Martha Pierson loved the ground Thaddeus Marple trod upon, and when he was shot down at Chancellorsville, Martha, instead of grieving as the people had a right to expect her to grieve, had "turned to stone" and became a cold, angered woman, rebelling against the decree of Providence. To-day Rosy could understand that coldness and anger—her mother had accused herself of sending her husband to his death; no wonder she had rarely spoken of the dead father to the daughter, had curtly put a stop to natural questions when the child was old enough to know that other girls had fathers and she had none. Did she pity her mother? She pitied her father! Her mother should have softened after the husband's death, should have seen in their marriage an expisition of her own offence if even according to the lex allows. Instead of

favored Rosy, and should have seen in their marriage an expiation of her own offence if even according to the lex taltonis. Instead of which, when she had marked the growing intimacy between John and Rosy, she forbade the girl to speak to him, and without any other reason than that it was her will.

It was all too late for tyrannous edicts; Rosy had gravitated to John from the first, and

hearing nothing from her own mother and knowing that John's mother had known her parents in their young days she had questioned John, who in turn questioned his mother, and then sympathetically informed Rosy that her father had been a vastly goodnatured man, very tender in his relations with his wife, who had not been as peaceful in her married life as she should have been, and who altered unwarrantably after her husband's death. All this had brought John and Rosy closer together. Rosy closer together.

Martha turned against her daughter then,

Martha turned against her daughter then, especially as she saw developing in the girl a nature like her own—persistent, warring till she gained her end, and perhaps never knowing when she had gained it. But Rosy sufficiently respected her mother's expressed dislike to keep John in the background. The two made a haven of the old elms, and here they planned as to what were the best means to overcome Mrs. Marple's prejudices—which John accounted for on the score that she vividly recalled old times and hated those who were associates then and who, when her who were associates then and who, when her own sorrow came, were still happy, and were still on the heights while she dwelt in the nether gloom and elected herself an outcast—accounted for by thinking that she enviously resented the joy of the world that had passed over her own distress as of small account; joy, to her, must ever be a thing to strangle, therefore she would not countenance the happiness of her daughter. John got Rosy to reason as feebly as he did, and they set about devising means of mollifying the widowed soul. Rosy relied too much upon her woman tact; she began to quote John's mother, how young she looked, how tenderly she reverted to old times, how she too had lost a husband and instead of becoming embittered spoke with dewy eyes of a reunion in heaven, and dewho were associates then and who, when her

dewy eyes of a reunion in heaven, and de-sired but one thing more on earth—to ad-vance her son's happiness.

And Martha heard all this and made no

Then John told Rosy, after they concluded that they had softened her, to tell her mother that he would wait on her the following day and sue for Rosy's hand.

"Tell him to come to-day," Martha said, and Rosy flew down to the four elms where John awaited her to know the result of her conference with her mother, and brought and Rosy flew down to the four elms where John awaited her to know the result of her conference with her mother, and brought him to the house. She did not know at the time what went on between John and her mother. She heard the murmur of their voices in the parlor as she impatiently walked about the hall; she expected every moment to see the parlor door open and to hear her mother call her name—for she knew John's powers of argument and how every untenable objection—and all her mother's objections must be untenable—must disappear before his impassioned arguments. Instead of which the parlor door opened only to let out John, white of face and with compressed lips. He looked at Rosy.

"It is all over. Good by!" he said.

He did not even offer to take her hand. She was rooted to the spot. He went past her out the hall door. She could not have moved from where she stood, and her mother did not come from the parlor. Pretty soon, though, she began to feel shaky, and it was not long before she sank into a chair and put her cold hands up over her face. She was conscious of rustling garments near at hand. "Rosy" her mother said, sharply, "you're more undaughterly than I thought."

That was all; not a word of compassion, not a word of sympathy; selfish to the last. And Rosy was too proud to ask a word of explanation. But she haunted the four elms, expecting John. He did not meet her there. Two days after his interview with her mother she heard that he had started for the West, and without a word of good by to her! What could her mother have said to him? Day after day she sat in the house, trying to understand her mother, who grimly went

What could her mother have said to him? Day after day she sat in the house, trying to understand her mother, who grimly went about the ordinary household duties, railed at Sam Pennel, dusted the china shepherdess and the daguerrotypes on the what-not in the parlor, and sewed in the rocking-chair on the porch. Then Rosy would go down to the four elms and wait for John, who never came. Three months passed away, and not a word from John, not a word from her mother. Needless to speak of her misery, her hoping against hope, her savage pride that kept her selent to the verge of madness. And then to-day came and his letter. He had been ill, was still ill on a ranch in the far West; he

lief in the final readjustment of earthly difficulties; to go against her mother now meant
a destruction of the little faith left by the
ruin of many hopes, of much love.

And how, even in heaven, could that one
earthly difficulty be adjusted?—how could
the wife be loved by the husband when be
loved some one else? Ah, the sin was her
father's; he had made her mother as she was,
had weakened the strong woman-faith in divine things, had ruined the life of his daughter, had virtually committed suicide.

And John's life without her would be as
her father's! Nay, it all revolved about
John's mother after all; she had driven a
loving man to do as he had done, she had
made a loving woman a spiritual failure;
John's mother was the sinner, she must take
the responsibility of the wrong-doing. And

the responsibility of the wrong-doing. And yet she had been loved!

Must Rosy be like John's mother?—must she be responsible for his acts, for his probable wife's unhappiness? Poor mother! She pitied her mother for the first time, felt

She know that the bird stopped singing, as though it had been frightened away; she heard the crisping of tree branches. Her head on her knee, she did not look up, sodden with grief as she was.

Had she raised her eyes she would have seen a grizzled face set in a frame of leaves, a pair of burning eyes fixed upon her. These eyes had watched her bury the letter, had noted her conflict with herself before that; they noticed her convulsed form settling into a dead calm that was the presage of more than the death of the mere body. Then,

little by little, the face withdrew, the leaves wrapped over the aperture it had made, and only Rosy and the four old elms were there. (Concluded in Tuesday's EVENING WORLD.) PROFESSIONAL CHAPERONES.

Ladies Who Find It Lucrative to Serve as Social Factotums. lelphia Pelograph's Washington Letter,] I don't know just what to call her. She belong

peculiarly to Washington and is born of the necessities of the place. She is several—or rather there are several of her. If you are a lady and happen to be elected to Washington society through having your husband chosen to sit in the legislative halls or to hold other place of honor under the Federal Government, you may find her useful. She teaches how to entertain and clears away the thorns from your path on your entrance to Wesh-

The wives and daughters of new Congressmen

and officials are frequently thrown into society without previous preparation. From the quiet of a country home this is a terrible transition. There are ladies here in Washington whose husbands have been army or navy officers. They have been army or navy officers. They have spent years in society and have heid and still hold high rank. The mysteries of form and usage are familiar to them, but the death or rettrement of their husbands have reduced their finances below the figures of their extravagant tastes. These ladies now sustain their position in society by leading the uninitiated through the mysterious mazes. They teach the wives of new Senators and members from the back districts the polite forms and pilot them safely through a winter in Washington. The relation they hold to the novice is that of a superior, who condescends to take the part of a triendly adviser or chaperone. They are courted, followed—and paid! They are women who have been belies in society in the past, and who distate its forms now. They now make a business of piesaura. They advise their patrons what to wear, how to furnish their house, how to talk and act, how to set their tables, how to receive callers and who to receive; when to call, how to call and who to call on. They tell them the difference between an ordinary tea and a high tea; between a dinner party and a luncheon. They not the dust off their dialect and teach them polite forms of speech, and tell them what to talk about. They lead them around the circle and teach by example. These champerons are not known as such except to those who employ them, and they are the most courted of all society. They are experts in Washington life.

In the morning, when they are not circling the rounds of society, they act the part of private conversationalists. There are always a number of wealthy ladies who, on account of not yet knowing the ways of society of ill health, or, perhaps, because they are in mourning, are not in the social swim. and officials are frequently thrown into society without previous preparation. From the quiet of

because they are in mourning, are rot in the social swim.

As conversationalists, these queens and factotums of society bring all the gossip and goings on
in society in a morning call upon those weslifty
victims of seclusion. They tell them who held
receptions last night and who was there; what
they wore, what they said, and what was said about
them. They relate the latest private scandal; tell
what different people think of each other, and how
each is measured up by the whole of society.
They report how long Mr. — talked with Miss
Millions, and repeat what "society" thought
of it. They discuss the engagements made, to be
made, and broken off. All the little bits of gossip,
small talk, and scandal they earry with exact
memory as to all the interesting details, and keep
their secluded patrons as well posted as if they
were among the mest gay. They lighten up a
meiancholy morning.

Some of the most fashionable women who have
long been the "leaders" of society earn in this
way the means to keep up their establishment and
to maintain themselves in fashlonable luxury.
The wives and daughters of some famous men,
now dead, are professional leaders of society, and
live by their profession.

Mrs. Grant Not Anxious for Society. (From the Chicago Pribune.)
The widow of Gen. Grant has determined not t

become a social power. I have no means of knowing how much she was inclined that way, nor how long she really considered the question before deciding it in the negative; but it is certain that the deciding it in the negative; but it is certain that the Astor-Vanderbilt clique of wealth and fashion gave to her the opportunity, and that she has declined to come out of her quiet retirement into social activity. The talk at Newport all summer, and in Fifth avenue this fall, was, that Mrs. Grant and the younger portion of the Grant family would figure conspicuously in next winter's swell-dom. It was understood that Mrs. Neille Grant-Sartoris and Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant were getting extensive wardrobes ready for the campaign, and the tendency was to welcome those attractive ladies right into the linear circles. The historical distinction of the Grants, their fair de-

gree of wealth, and their pleasant personalities combined to fit them to shine as acquisitions to "our best families." The thing was regarded as being settled. But this week Mrs. Grant has put her Sixty-sixth street residence into the hands of a real-castate agent to sell, and she intends to live in a Fifth avenue apartment-house. Her establishment will there be comfortable, even luxurious, but not suitable for the giving of notable entertainments. She might have become at will a social lioness in New York. She has preferred a calmer life.

He Never Called for Them.

(From London Society.)
At a Northern port the other day a pro

No Cause for Alarm.

T. Henry French lives en garçon in luxurious apartments at Delmonico's

Frederick Robinson has an astonishing dis-play of fishing tackle in his apartments at the New York Hotel.

'Aunt" Louise Eldridge's flat, in East Thirteenth street, is a museum of professiona souvenirs and photographs.

Louise Dillon and Sadie Bigelow show

Edward Sothern and his brother Sam have apartments in West Twenty-third street, where "Young Ned" spends much of his leisure sketching in black and white.

Kelly's picture out of your album.